

Bold Sawyer.

Come all ye jolly sailors, with courage stout and bold
Come enter with bold Sawyer, he'll cloath you all
Repair on board the Old Nassau, [in gold,
As fine a ship as e'er you saw,
We'll make the French to stand in awe,
She's mann'd with British boys.

Commander Kepple with his good design,
Commanded the Squadron, five sail of the line.

The Prince Edward of forty guns,
The Firedrake and Furnace bombs,
To take Goree, it must be done
By true British boys,

The 29th of October from Spithead we set sail, !
Kind Neptune convey'd us with a sweet and pleasant
So steering on the Barbary shore [gale,
Distance about ten leagues or more,
The wind at west aloud did roar,
Stand by ye British boys.

So steering on the lee-shore until the break of day
We spy'd a lofty sail on the Barbary shore to lay,
In great distress she seem'd to be,
Her guns all overboard she threw,
Which prov'd the Litchfield for to be,
With all her British boys.

The wind blowing hard we could give them no relief
A stretching on the lee-shore we toucht at Teneriff
So Watering the ships at Santa Cruz,
Taking good wine for our ship's use,
We sold our cloaths good wine to booze,
Like brave British boys.

Our ship been wartered, and plenty of good wine,
We hoisted up our top-sails, and cross'd the tropic line
The wind at west the leading gale,
Our gallant ship did sweetly sail
Steady along, she ne'er will fail,
With all her British boys.

Steady a port ! don't bring her by the lee !
Yonder is the flag-staff at Goree, I do see.
We brought the city within sight,
Anchored in Goree bay that night,
Cleared our ships ready to fight,
Like brave British boys.

Early next morning the Prince Edward of 40 guns,
Was station'd off the island to cover our two bombs,
The old Nassau she led the van,
With all her jovial fighting men,
The drums did beat to quarters stand,
Like brave British boys.

We failed into their batteries as close as we could lay,
Our guns from the top and poop aloud did play,
Which made the French cry Morbleau !
Diable ! what shall we do ?
Here comes bold Sawyer and all of his crew.
They're all British boys.

Then followed by the Dunkirk and Torbay,
The guns aloud did rattle, and shells aloft did play;
Which made the French their batteries shun,
And from their trenches for to run.
The flag was struck, the fight was done,
O Huzza ! my British boys.

The Nassau and Dunkirk, and Torbay of renown,
Three as fine ships as belong to the crown.
The only ships that fought so free
In taking of the isle of Goree.
They are all British boys.

Boast not of Frenchmen, nor yet of Macdome,
Sawyer's as big a hero as ever you did hear,
Whilst the shop round him did fly,
In engaging twice the isle of Goree,
As valiant men as ever you see.

They are all British boys.

Here's a health to king George our sovereign majesty,
Likewise to bold Sawyer, that fought the French so
Our officers and all our crew (free,
Are valiant men as e'er you knew.
So here's a health to all true blue,
My brave British boys.